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PLEASANT HOURS

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1894.

[No. 26.]

Dominion Day.

By L. W.

DEAR Canada! our country,
Thou fairest land on earth!
To-day we raise our voices
To celebrate thy birth.
Thou daughter, true and loyal,
Of Britain o'er the sea,
Canadian hearts aye faithful
To Britain's crown shall be.

To-day we bring a garland,
Entwined with loyal hands;
No foe's sword can sever
Its fast-linked fourfold strands,
The shamrock, rose and thistle
Of Britain o'er the sea,
With maple leaf, forever,
Upon each brow shall be.

Canadian hearts are loyal,
Canadian hearts are brave;
O'er them with undimmed lustre
The Union Jack shall wave;
The emblem of true freedom;
Where'er it is unfurled;
Symbol of truth and justice,
Revered o'er all the world.

While Britain holds unswerving
Allegiance to God's laws,
And in the nations' council,
Upholds the oppressed one's cause,
Heaven still shall smile upon her
Her empire safe shall be,
We'll prize as priceless treasure,
Our "British liberty."

THE CONQUEST OF CANADA

By THE EDITOR.

ON the moonless morning of September 13th, before day, the fleet dropped silently down the river with the ebbing tide, accompanied by thirty barges containing sixteen hundred men, which, with muffled oars, closely hugged the shadows of the shore. Pale and weak with recent illness, Wolfe reclined among his officers, and in a low tone recited several stanzas of the recent poem, Gray's "Elegy, written in a Country Churchyard." Perhaps the shadow of his own approaching fate stole upon his mind, as in mournful cadence he whispered the strangely prophetic words,

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

With a feeling of the hollowness of military renown, he exclaimed, "I would rather have written those lines than take Quebec to-morrow."

Challenged by an alert sentry, an officer gave the countersign, which had been learned from a French deserter, and the little flotilla was mistaken for a convoy of provisions expected from Montreal. Landing in the deeply-shadowed cove which has since borne Wolfe's name, the agile Highlanders climbed lightly up the steep and narrow path leading to the summit, and in a few moments the guard was overpowered. The troops swarmed rapidly up the rugged precipice, the barges meanwhile promptly transferring fresh reinforcements from the fleet.

When the sun rose, the plain was glittering with the arms of plaided Highlanders and English red-coats forming for battle. The redoubled fire from Point Levi, and a portion of the fleet, upon the devoted city and the lines of Beauport, held the attention of Montcalm, and completely deceived him as to the main point of attack. A breathless horseman conveyed the intelligence at early dawn. At first incredulous, the gallant commander was soon convinced of the fact, and exclaimed, "Then they have got the weak side of this wretched garrison, but we must fight and crush them!" and the roll of drums and the peal of bugles on the fresh morning air sum-

moned the scattered army to action. With tumultuous haste, the skeleton French regiments hurried through the town and formed in long, thin lines on the Plains of Abraham. They numbered seven thousand five hundred famine-wasted and disheartened men. Opposed to them were five thousand veteran troops eager for the fray, and strong in their confidence in their beloved general. Firm as a wall these awaited the onset of the French. In silence they filled the ghastly gaps made in their ranks by the fire of the foe. Not for a moment wavered the steady line. Not a trigger was pulled till the enemy arrived within forty yards. Then at the ringing word of command, a simultaneous volley flashed from the levelled muskets and tore through the enemy's ranks. The French line was broken and disordered, and heaps of wounded strewed the plain. With cheer on cheer the British charged before they could reform, and swept the fugitives from the field, pursuing them to the city gates, and to the banks of the St. Charles. In fifteen minutes was lost and won the battle that gave Canada to Great Britain. The British loss was six hundred killed and



GENERAL WOLFE.

a swoon. "The enemy, sir; they give way everywhere," was the reply. "What! already?" said the dying man. "Now, God be praised," he murmured, "I die content."

His brave adversary, Montcalm, also fell mortally wounded, and was born from the field. "How long shall I live?" he asked the surgeon. "Not many hours," was the reply. "I am glad of it," he said; "I shall not see the surrender of Quebec." He died before midnight, and, confined in a rude box, was buried amid the tears of his soldiers in a grave made by the bursting of a shell.

Wasted with famine, and its defenders

wounded; that of the French was more than twice as many.

Almost at the first fire, Wolfe was struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist. A moment later a ball pierced his side, but he still cheered on his men. Soon a third shot lodged deep in his breast. Staggering into the arms of an officer he exclaimed, "Support me! Let not my brave fellows see me fall." He was born to the rear, and gently laid upon the ground. "See, they run!" exclaimed a bystander. "Who run?" demanded Wolfe, arousing as from

reduced to a mere handful, the beleaguered fortress surrendered, and on the 18th of September, 1759, the rock-built citadel of Quebec passed forever from the dominion of France.

Near the scene of their death a grateful people have erected a common monument to the rival commanders, who generously recognized each other's merits in life, and now keep for evermore the solemn truce of death. The two races that met in the shock of battle dwell together in loving fealty, beneath the protecting folds of one common flag.*

THOROUGHNESS.

A young New Englander, whose knowledge was more showy than deep, went, many years ago, to teach a district school in Virginia.

Among his pupils was a small, rather dull and insignificant looking boy, who annoyed him by his questions. No matter what the subject under discussion, this lad apparently never could get near enough to the bottom of it to be content.

One warm August morning, the teacher, with no little vanity in a knowledge not universal in those days, began to lecture to the boys on the habits and characteristics of a fish which one them had caught during the recess. He finished, and was about to dismiss the school, when his inquisitive pupil asked some questions about their gills and their use.

The question answered, others followed, concerning the scales, skin, flesh. The poor teacher struggled to reply with all the information at his command. But that was small, and the day grew warmer, and the Saturday afternoon's holiday was rapidly slipping away.

"The school will now be dismissed," he said, at last.

"But the bones! You have told us nothing about the bones!" said the anxious boy.

Mr. Dash smothered his annoyance, and gave all the information he could command on the shape, structure, and use of the bones.

"And now the school," he began—

"What is inside of the bones?" stolidly came from the corner where the quiet boy was sitting.

Mr. Dash never remembered what answer he gave, but the question and his despair fixed themselves in his memory. Thirty-five years afterwards he visited Washington, and entered the room where the Justices of the Supreme Court were sitting.

The Chief Justice, the most learned jurist of his day, was a man like St. Paul, whose bodily presence was contemptible.

The stranger regarded him at first with awe, then with amazement.

"It is the boy who went inside of the fish's bones!" he exclaimed.

If he had not tried to go inside of every "fish's bones," he would never have reached the lofty position which he held.

It is the boy who penetrates to the heart of the matter who is the successful scholar, and afterwards lawyer, physician, philosopher or statesman.

It is the man whose axe is laid at the root, not the outer branches, whose religion is a solid foundation for his life here and beyond.

—Pupil. "The climate of Patagonia is both mountainous and moisturous."

Teacher. "What do the people live on?"

Pupil. "On the seacoast, on the guano, and other animals."

*From Withrow's Chautauque History of Canada. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, 50 cents.



THE DEATH OF WOLFE.

A Christmas Hymn.

"What means this glory round our feet,"
The Magi sung, "more bright than morn
And voices chanted strong and sweet,
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means this star," the shepherds said,
That brightens through the rocky glen?
And angels, answering overhead,
Sung, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

Twelve hundred years and more
Since these sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him like them of yore;
Alas, he seems so long to come!

But it was said in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold
In perfect trust to come to him

All round about our feet shall shine
A light like that the wise men saw,
If we our loving wills incline
To that sweet life which is the law

So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds then,
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

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Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1894.

THE RICH YOUNG RULER.

BY REV. ANNA OLIVER.

Our subject is about a young ruler who lived when Jesus was on earth. He was what would be called "a good young man." He had kept God's commandments—always doing what he thought to be right. But still he felt in his heart that there was something else necessary before he could have eternal life.

So one day, seeing Jesus come out of a house, and believing that he was a great teacher, this young man ran up to Jesus and very earnestly asked our Lord, what he yet lacked, or what more he ought to do, that he might have eternal life. Now this young man was very beautiful and interesting, and when Jesus looked at him he loved him. And Jesus, who knows everything, knew that he was very rich. So our Lord told him to give all that he had to the poor, and to come and follow him. But this rich man thought so much of his large, beautiful house, and all the handsome things he had in it, that he felt very sorry to hear Jesus say that he must give them up. And he would not give them up. So we are told that he went away, and did not follow Jesus.

The Lord gives us a great many beautiful things to enjoy, and to use while we are in this world, but this account of the rich young man teaches us that if we are not willing to give them up, or spend what we have for the Lord's sake that we will never gain eternal life; that we cannot be followers of Christ, that we are not Christians.

When we love Jesus we are not only willing to give up everything to please him, but we are delighted to give him ourselves and all we have. It makes us glad to think that the Lord has given us the means to help the poor and sick, and to send the Bible and missionaries to the heathen, to tell them about the One whom we love with our whole hearts, and who died for them and for us. If we do not feel so it is a sign that we are not Christians.

I will tell you a little story that will show you how easy and natural it is to give up the very best things we have, for the sake of someone whom we love very much. It is a true story, for I saw and heard myself what I am going to tell you.

One time I was visiting where there was a little girl named Nellie, at play in the room. A set of bright, shining tin playthings had just been given her. She was perfectly delighted with them, and no wonder; for there were plates and dishes and knives and forks and little pans, as bright as though they had been made of silver. And in Nellie's eyes they were as precious as silver and gold and jewels would be to others.

Now, several of us in the room wanted Nellie to talk to us, or look up at us. You know everyone enjoys talking to good little children. But Nellie was seated on the floor, with a stick of candy in one hand and the other busy with her pretty playthings, and we could not get her attention at all.

I must tell you that Nellie's mother had been away from home for some time, and her little girl had not seen her. While we were talking among ourselves, and had quite forgotten Nellie, and while Nellie's eyes and thoughts were all engrossed with her bright toys, the door opened and her mamma entered. At once Nellie sprang up, left her pretty things, dropped her candy on the floor, and with her sticky hands was clinging round her mother's neck. You see she loved her mother more than her playthings, so she left them for her mother. She did not love us as much as she loved her toys, so we could not coax her to leave them. But when she saw her mother, she was glad to leave them. She forgot them. She had found what she cared more about, and her little heart was full of joy as she nestled in her mother's arms.

It was, perhaps, an hour before she remembered her playthings. And what do you suppose she did then? Why, she gathered them in her apron, as best she could, and poured them into her mother's lap, saying:

"O mamma, see! beautiful!
I dive 'em all to 'ou."

So, if the rich young man had loved Jesus, he would have found greater delight in following him, and even suffering for his sake, than in all his riches. If you are a true Christian you will never find it hard to spend your money for the poor, or in any way that will do good. To give the best you have and all you have to the blessed Lord will make you happy, just as little Nellie was delighted to pour all her playthings into her mother's lap.

Some persons think they cannot give up so much for Jesus; that they cannot live without their riches, or their pleasures, or without having their own way; and they go off sorrowful, like the young man, and never follow Jesus. But if they loved the Lord as Nellie loved her mother, they would find that they were happier with him as their Saviour, than any riches could make them. That is the reason that the poorest Christian is happier even in this world, than the richest man who has nothing but his houses and money to live for. And besides our satisfaction in religion here, if we follow Jesus, he will lead us at last to mansions in the heavens—those beautiful houses that he will give us there to live in forever, that shine brighter than the sun.

"MOTHERING SUNDAY."

BY MARY E. MERRILL.

"Mothering Sunday" is the fourth Sunday in Lent, and is often called "Mid-Lent Sunday." The custom which gave rise to the name, like many another delightful old custom, has passed away, and so the name has become almost forgotten also.

I suppose you all have read stories of apprentices, young lads who were "bound out," as they called it, to learn a trade, or to work for some farmer for a term of years.

How would you like it, my boy—just home from a spin on your new "safety"—to be tied down to work day after day, under a master who was not always easy to please, and who would allow you only Sundays and an occasional "day off" to go to see your mother.

And you, my dear girl, with your happy home and days brimful of enjoyment, what would you think of a life exactly opposite to yours?

For in the days of long ago, as well as in our own time, there were many young girls who found it best to leave their homes and make their own way in the world.

Would you not be glad of an occasional Sunday when you could array yourself in all your best finery, and go to see your mother, taking care that you wrapped your little present up very carefully, so that you could watch her evident pleasure and surprise as she untied the string, took off the wrapper, and brought to light the treasure which you had bought for her with your "very own earnings?"

That was "Mothering Sunday," the fourth Sunday in Lent, when absent sons and daughters—particularly the young apprentices—would return to their homes with some little present for both parents, but more especially for the mother. An ancient custom, and a delightful one it seems to me.

Imagine the joy of Peggy or Thomas, the pride of the mother in the simple gift, and the admiration of the small brothers and sisters who gathered around and longed for the time when they also would be out in the great unknown world and could come "a-mothering."

Perhaps it was not an apprentice or a serving maid, but some young housekeeper who would come from her own home, and with a most important air would present her mother with some pasties or a "simnel" of her own making. The simnel, or simnel, was a kind of rich, sweet cake offered as a gift at Christmas or Easter and especially on "Mothering Sunday."

We may be sure that it was a happy time, and that the mother admired the gift and praised the giver, and rejoiced that her Thomas was such a fine, steady lad, or that Peggy was so strong and rosy and loving.

In one of his poems, Robert Herrick, the early English poet, says:

I'll to thee a simnel bring,
'Gainst thou go a-mothering;
So that, when she blesses thee,
Half that blessing thou'lt give me.

A DUTIFUL SON.

GENERAL GRANT, as a youth, honoured his parents, and his days, in the language of Scripture, have been "prolonged," and so in truth were theirs. Forty-four years ago he wrote to his mother from West Point: "Your kind words of admonition are ever present with me. How well do they strengthen me in every good word and work! Should I become a soldier for my country, I look forward with hope to have you spared to share with me in any advancement I may gain, and I trust my future conduct will prove me worthy of the patriotic instruction you and father have given me."

His written desire was realized in a wonderful manner.

TEMPERANCE IN THE SCHOOLS.

THERE is no more important work than the education of the young in the principles of temperance. In a few years the drinkers of to-day will have passed from the stage of life, and if the saloon is unable to recruit patrons from among the rising generation its occupation will be gone. There are now in the public schools of Ontario, 488,809 pupils registered, and the report of the Minister of Education shows that temperance and hygiene are taught to 151,817 of these. The separate schools have 36,168 pupils, of whom 13,351 are given instruction in temperance and hygiene. Thus it will be seen that 165,000 children are having their feet set upon the

right road, but why is not the number larger? The matter receives now considerable attention, but it is worthy of more. Every child attending school should be warned by its teachers of the pitfalls set by the liquor traffic to accomplish its run.—Citizen.

Dominion Hymn.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

Tune: National Anthem.

LORD, our Dominion bless,
With peace and plenteousness
From shore to shore;
Let truth and virtue reign,
Mercy's fair fame sustain,
And equal rights maintain,
For evermore.

Our provinces unite,
In federation's might,
In union strong;
Let every discord cease,
Strife's bitterness decrease,
Just laws uphold in peace,
With pen and tongue.

Concord and love bestow,
Let goodness ever grow,
Keep honour bright
Our freedom strong and sure,
Our patriotism pure,
Our heritage secure,
Founded on right.

Let neighbouring nations be,
Friendly in rivalry,
In trade and art;
O'er this terrestrial sphere,
Let mankind far and near,
As brethren appear,
In mind and heart.

Canada first desire,
Loyal to old empire,
No feuds between;
Unitedly our race,
Implore thee, God of grace,
To guard our foremost place;
God save our Queen.

London, Ont.

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE TOUR.

DURING the last seven years, the World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union has been preparing for presentation to all the governments of the world, a monster polyglot petition against the traffic in alcohol and opium, and against legalized vice.

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard have been appointed as the deputation to convey the petition to the different governments. The petition itself now bears the unprecedented number of over 2,000,000 individual signatures, and with the attestation of certain great societies, not less than 3,000,000.

With this purpose in view, a first-class steamer is immediately to be chartered, and a party of one hundred persons will be organized to accompany Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard in this remarkable crusade. Leaving the United States next October, the delegation will join the British contingent at Exeter Hall, London. It will visit Naples and Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, and other places, and return via the Pacific.

AN ITEM FOR BOYS.

It is not necessary that a boy who learns a trade should follow it all his life. Governor Palmer, of Illinois, was a country blacksmith once, and began his political career in Macoupin county. A circuit judge in the central part of Illinois was once a tailor. Thomas Hoynes, a rich and eminent lawyer of Illinois, was once a book-binder.

"Erasmus Corning, of New York, to-lame to do hard labour, commenced as a shop boy in Albany. When he applied for employment first he was asked, "Why, my little boy, what can you do?" "Can do what I'm bid," was the answer, which secured him a place.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, was a shoemaker. Thurlow Weed was a canal driver. Ex-governor Stone, of Iowa, was a cabinet-maker, at which trade Hon. Stephen A. Douglas worked in his youth.

It does not depend upon the kind of work you have whether you rise or not; it depends upon how you do it.

Don't You See?

BY JOHN M. MORSE.

The boy who on the corner stands,
With open mouth and listless air,
Who in his pockets thrusts his hands,
And shows no signs of thought or care;
Who idly dreams—who rarely works—
Who needless tasks of duty shirks;
Though kind in manner he may be,
There's much that's lacking—don't you see?

The boy who will neglect his book
For game of chance, or bat and ball,
For gun and dog, or rod and hook,
Or for a dance—for one or all—
Will find he's made a great mistake.
In games the place of knowledge take?
When on the top round he would be
He'll find he's lacking—don't you see?

The boy who smokes a cigarette,
Or drinks with friends a social glass,
Is forming habits to regret
Whose ills all other ills surpass.
Though solid rock is near at hand,
That boy is building on the sand;
With scolding mates and boisterous glee
His course is downward—don't you see?

The girl who at the window waits
With idle hands and dreamy look;
Who, by her actions, says she hates
The household work of maid or cook;
Who lets her mother work away
While she indulges in a play;
Howe'er refined that girl may be,
There's much that's lacking—don't you see?

The girl whose recitations show
No earnest work, no careful thought;
Who fails in what she ought to know
When skillful test of work is brought;
That girl will fail to win the prize—
Will fail, while earnest workers rise—
A grand success she'll never be,
There's too much lacking—don't you see?

When one would build a house to stand,
He builds upon the solid rock.
He takes the best at his command;
He piles the granite, block on block.
No soft shale rock shall have a place
In inner or in outer face.
Well-tested rock shall polished be,
For lasting structure—don't you see?

Build thou for time—on solid rock.
Give thought and care; build broad and deep.
Then tempest wild, with rudest shock,
Shall harmlessly around thee sweep.
With knowledge gained, and purpose grand,
The ills of life thou canst command.
From all their power thou shalt be free;
Thy pow'r the greater—don't you see?
—Boston Courier.

HUNTED AND HARRIED.

A Tale of the Scottish Covenanters.

BY E. A. BALLANTYNE.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

"A dragon and a spy!" thought Andrew, while he raised his cudgel, the only weapon he carried, and frowned. But Andrew was a merciful man, and would not bring himself to strike a sleeping man, though waking him might entail a doubtful conflict, for he saw that the trooper's hand grasped the hilt of his naked sword. For a few moments he surveyed the sleeper, as if calculating his chances, then he quietly dropped his plaid, took off his coat, and untying his neckcloth, laid it carefully on one side over a bush. Having made these preparations, he knelt beside Will Wallace—for it was he—and grasped him firmly by the throat with both hands. As might have been expected, the young trooper attempted to spring up, and tried to use his weapon; but finding this to be impossible at such close quarters, he dropped it, and grappled the farmer with all his might; but Andrew, holding on to him like a vice, placed his knee upon his chest and held him firmly down.

"It's o' nae manner o' use to strive, ye see," said Andrew relaxing his grip a little; "I've gotten ye, an' if ye like to do my biddin' I'll no be hard on ye."

"If you will let me rise and stand before me in fair fight, I'll do your business if not your bidding," returned Wallace, in a tone of what may be termed sulkiness.

"Div ye think it's likely I'll stand before you in fair fight, as ye ca'd—you wi' a sword, and me wi' a bit stick, my lad? Na, na, ye'll hae to submit, little though you like it."

"Give the stick, then, and take you the sword, I shall be content," said the indignant

trooper, making another violent but unsuccessful effort to free himself.

"It's a fair offer," said Andrew, when he had subdued the poor youth a second time, "an' reflect's favourably on yer courage, but I'm a man o' peace, an' have no thirst for bloodshed—whilk is more than ye can say, young man. but if ye'll let tie yer hands thegither, an' gang peaceably hame wi' me, I'so promise that nae mischief'll befa' ye."

No man shall ever tie my hands together as long as there is life in my body," replied the youth.

"Stop, stop, callant!" exclaimed Andrew, as Will was about to renew the struggle. "The pride of youth is awfu'! Hear what I've got to say to ye, man, or I'll hae to throtle ye outright. It'll come to the same thing if ye'll allow me to tie ano' o' my hands to ano' o' yours. Ye canna objec' to that, surely, for I'll be your prisoner as muckle as as you'll be mine—and that'll be fair play, for we'll leave the sword lyin' on the brae to keep the bit stick company."

"Well, I'll agree to that," said Wallace, in a tone that indicated surprise with a dash of amusement.

"An' ye promise no' to try to get away when you're tied to—when I'm tied to you?" "I promise."

Hereupon the farmer, reaching out his hand, picked up the black silk neckcloth which he had laid aside, and with it firmly bound his own left wrist to the right wrist of his captive, talking in a grave, subdued tone as he did so.

"Nae doot the promise o' a spy is hardly to be lippened to, but if I find that ye're a dishonourable man, ye'll find that I'm an uncomfortable prisoner to be tied to. Noo, git up, lad, an' we'll gang hame thegither."

On rising, the first thing the trooper did was to turn and take a steady look at the man who had captured him in this singular manner.

"Weel, what d'ye think o' me?" asked Andrew, with what may be termed a grave smile.

"If you want to know my true opinion," returned Wallace, "I should say that I would not have thought, from the look of you, that you could have taken a mean advantage of a sleeping foe."

"Ay—an' I would not have thought, from the look o' you," retorted Andrew, "that ye could hae sell't yourself to gan skulkin' about the hills as a spy upon the puir craters that are only seekin' to worship their Maker in peace."

Without further remark Andrew Black, leaving his coat and plaid to keep company with the sword and stick, led his prisoner down the hill.

Andrew's cottage occupied a slight hollow on the hill-side, which concealed it from every point of the compass save the high ground above it. Leading the trooper up to the door, he tapped gently, and was promptly admitted by someone whom Wallace could not discern, as the interior was dark.

"Oh, Uncle Andrew! I'm glad ye've come, for Peter hasna come back yet, an' I'm feared somethin' has come ower him."

"Strike a light, lassie. I've gotten haud o' a spy here, an' canna weel do't myself."

When a light was procured and held up, it revealed the pretty face of Jean Black, which underwent a wondrous change when she beheld the face of the prisoner.

"Uncle Andrew!" she exclaimed, "this is nae spy. He's the man that cam' to the help o' Aggie an' me against the dragoon."

"Is that sae?" said Black, turning a look of surprise on his prisoner.

"It is true, indeed, that I had the good fortune to protect Jean and her friend from an insolent comrade," answered Wallace; "and it is also true that that act has been partly the cause of my deserting to the hills, being starved for a day and a night, and taken prisoner now as a spy."

"Sir," said Andrew, hastily untying the kerchief that bound them together, "I humbly ask your pardon. Moreover, it's my opinion that if ye hadna been starvin' ye wadna have been here 'e noo, for ye're uncommon teach. Rin, lassie, an' fetch some bread an' cheese. Whar's Marion an' Is'b'l'?"

"They went out to seek for Peter?" said Jean, as she hastened to obey her uncle's mandate.

At that moment a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the voice of Marion, one of the maid-servants, was heard outside. On the door being opened, she and her companion, Isabel, burst in with excited looks and the information, pantingly given, that the "sodgers were comin'."

"Haud yer noise, lassie, an' licht the fire—pit on the parritch pat. Come, Peter, let's hear a' about it."

Ramblin' Peter, who had been thus named because of his inveterate tendency to range over the neighbouring hills was a quiet, undersized, said-to-be weak-minded boy of

sixteen years, though he looked little more than fourteen. No excitement whatever ruffled his placid countenance as he gave his report—to the effect that a party of dragoons had been seen by him not half an hour before, searching evidently for his master's cottage.

"They'll soon find it," said the farmer, turning quickly to his domestics,—"Awy wi' ye, lassie, and hide."

The two servant girls, with Jean and her cousin Aggie Wilson, ran at once into the inner room and shut the door. Ramblin' Peter sat stolidly down beside the fire and calmly stirred the porridge-pot, which was nearly full of the substantial Scottish fare.

"Noo, sir," said Black, turning to Will Wallace, who had stood quietly watching the various actors in the scene just described, "yer comrades'll be here in a wee while. May I ask what ye expect?"

"I expect to be imprisoned at the least, more probably shot."

"Hm! pleasant expectations for a young man, nae doot. I'm sorry that it's oot o' my power to stop and see the fun, for the sodgers have strange suspicions about me, so I'm forced to mak' myself scarce an' leave Ramblin' Peter to do the hospitality o' the hoose. But before I gang awa' I wad fain repay ye for the good turn ye did to my barns. If ye are willin' to shut yer eyes and do what I tellye, I'll put you in a place o' safety."

"Thank you, Mr. Black," returned Wallace; "of course I shall only be too glad to escape from the consequences of my unfortunate position; but do not misunderstand me; although neither a spy nor a Covenanter I am a loyal subject, and would not now be a deserter if that character had not been forced upon me, first by the brutality of the soldiers with whom I was bandied, and then by the insolence of my comrade-in-arms to your daughter—"

"Nice; nice," interrupted Black; "I wish she was my daughter, bless her bonny face! Niver fear, sir, I've nae doot o' yer loyalty, though you an' yer freends misdoot mine. I claim to be as loyal as the best o' ye, but there's nae dictionary in this world that defines loyalty to be slavish submission o' body an' soul to a tyrant that fears neither God nor man. The question noo is, Div ye want to escape and will ye trust me?"

The sound of horses' feet galloping in the distance tended to quicken the young trooper's decision. He submitted to be blindfolded by his captor.

"Noo, Peter," said Andrew, as he was about to lead Wallace away, "ye ken what to dae. Gie them plenty to eat; show them the rum bottle, let them hae the rin o' the hoose, an' say that I bade ye treat them weel."

"Ay," was Ramblin' Peter's laconic reply. Leading his captive out at the door, round the house, and re-entering by a back door, apparently with no other end in view than to bewilder him, Andrew went into a dark room, opened some sort of door—to enter which the trooper had to stoop low—and conducted him down a steep, narrow staircase.

The horsemen meanwhile had found the cottage and were heard at that moment tramping about in front, and thundering on the door for admittance.

Wallace fancied that the door which closed behind him must be of amazing thickness, for it shut out almost completely the sounds referred to.

On reaching the foot of the staircase, and having the napkin removed from his eyes, he found himself in a long, low, vaulted chamber. There was no one in it save his guide and a venerable man who sat beside a deal table, reading a document by the light of a tallow candle stuck in the mouth of a black bottle.

The soldiers, meanwhile, having been admitted by Ramblin' Peter, proceeded to question that worthy as to Andrew Black and his household. Not being satisfied of the truth of his replies they proceeded to apply torture in order to extract confession. It was the first time that this mode of obtaining information had been used in Black's cottage, and it failed entirely, for Ramblin' Peter was staunch, and although inhumanly thrashed and probed with sword-points, the poor lad remained dumb, inasmuch that the soldiers at length set him down as an idiot, for he did not even cry out in his agonies—excepting in a curious, half-stifled manner—because he knew well that if his master were made aware by his cries of what was going on he would be sure to hasten to the rescue at the risk of his life.

Having devoured the porridge, drunk the rum and destroyed a considerable amount of the farmer's produce, the lawless troopers, who seemed to be hurried in their proceedings at that time, finally left the place.

About the time that these events were taking place in and around Black's cottage, bands of armed men, with women and even children, were hastening towards the same locality to attend the great "conventicle," for which the

preparations already described were being made.

The immediate occasion of the meeting was the desire of the parishioners of the Rev. John Welsh, a great-grandson of John Knox, to make public avowal, at the Communion Table, of their fidelity to Christ and their attachment to the minister who had been expelled from the church of Irongray; but strong sympathy induced many others to attend, not only from all parts of Galloway and Nithsdale, but from the distant Clyde, the shores of the Forth, and elsewhere; so that the roads were crowded with people making for the rendezvous—some on foot, others on horseback. Many of the latter were gentlemen of means and position, who as well as their retainers, were more or less well armed and mounted. The Rev. John Blackadder, the "auld" minister of Troqueer—a noted hero of the Covenant, who afterwards died a prisoner on the Bass Rock—travelled with his party all the way from Edinburgh, and a company of eighty horse proceeded to the meeting from Clydesdale.

Preliminary services, conducted by Mr. Blackadder and Mr. Welsh, were held near Dumfries on the Saturday, but the place of meeting on the Sabbath was only vaguely announced as "a hillside in Irongray," so anxious were they to escape being disturbed by their enemies, and the secret was kept so well that when the Sabbath arrived a congregation of above three thousand had assembled round the Communion stones in the hollow of Skeoch Hill.

Sentinels were posted on all the surrounding heights. One of these sentinels was the farmer, Andrew Black, with a cavalry sword belted to his waist, and a rusty musket on his shoulder. Beside him stood a stalwart youth in shepherd's costume.

"Ye'r an' mother wadna ken ye," remarked Andrew with a twinkle in his eyes.

"I doubt that," replied the youth; "a mother's eyes are keen. I should not like to encounter even Glandinning in my present guise."

As he spoke the rich melody of the opening psalm burst from the great congregation and rolled in softened cadence towards the sentinels.

(To be continued.)

Two Pictures

AN old farm-house, with meadow wide,
And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes this one thought all day:
Oh, that I could but fly away
From this dull spot, the world to see,
How happy I should be!

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been;
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking—thinking all day long:
"Oh! could I only tread once more
The field-path to the old farm door,
The green old meadow could I see,
How happy I should be!"

BEAUTIFUL ANSWERS.

A PERSIAN pupil of the Able Sicord gave the following extraordinary answers.

"What is gratitude?"
"Gratitude is the memory of the heart."
"What is hope?"
"Hope is the blossom of happiness."
"What is the difference between hope and desire?"
"Desire is a hope in leaf, hope is the tree in flower, and enjoyment is the tree in fruit."
"What is eternity?"
"A day without yesterday or to-morrow, a line that has no end."
"What is time?"
"A line that has two ends, a path which begins in the cradle and ends in the tomb."
"What is God?"
"The necessary being, the sum of eternity, the merchant of nature, the eye of justice, the watchmaker of the universe, the soul of the world."
"Does God reason?"
"Man reasons because he doubts; he doubts, he deliberates, he decides. God is omniscient: he never doubts; he, therefore, never reasons."

Workman "Is the boss at home?"
New Father "No, the nurse has her own for an airing."



THE STAR IN THE EAST.

The Star in the East.

BY HARRIET AUBER.

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The wise men to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.

But lo, a brighter, clearer light
Now points to his abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

Oh, haste to follow where it leads,
The gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

Oh, gladly tread the narrow path
While light and grace are given;
Who meekly follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

The Three Kings.

THREE Kings came riding from far away,
Melchior and Gaspar and Baltasar:
Three Wise Men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept
by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful
star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear,
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And by this they knew that the coming was
near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle-bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and furbelows,
Their turbans like blossoming almond-trees.

And so the Three Kings rode into the West,
Through the dusk of night, over hill and
dell,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on
breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest,
With the people they met at some way-side
well.

"Of the Child that is born," said Baltasar,
"Good people, I pray you tell us the news;
For we in the East have seen his star,
And have ridden fast, and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great!"
They thought the Wise Men were men insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain,
Like riders in haste and who cannot wait.

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the Wise Men and questioned them;
And said, "Go down unto Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still,
The only one in the gray of morn;
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free
will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill,
The city of David where Christ was born.

And the three Kings rode through the gate
and the guard,
Through the silent street, till their horses
turned

And neighed as they entered the great inn-
yard;
But the windows were closed, and the doors
were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kine,
The little Child in the manger lay,
The Child, that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside his place of rest,
Watching the even flow of his breath,
For the joy of life and the terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at his feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King,
The frankincense, with its odour sweet,
Was for the Priest, the Paraclete,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And the mother wondered and bowed her
head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone;
Her heart was troubled yet comforted,
Remembering what the Angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the Kings rode out of the city gate,
With a clatter of hoofs in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another
way.

LESSON NOTES.

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF OUR LORD.

B.C. 4.] LESSON III. (July 15.

VISIT OF THE WISE MEN.

Matt. 2, 1, 2. Memory verses, 9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

They saw the young child with Mary his
mother, and fell down and worshipped him.
—Matt. 2, 11.

OUTLINE.

1. The Light of the Star, v. 1-2.
2. The Light of the Scriptures, v. 3-8.
3. The Light of the World, v. 9-12.

TIME—B.C. 4.

PLACES.—Jerusalem. Bethlehem.

EXPLANATIONS.

1. "Jesus was born"—He came a helpless
baby, born as are all men: never forget that.
"Wise men from the east"—Legend gives
their names, Caspar, Melchior, Baltassar.
They were such as are called in Daniel *Magi*,
and they came from the home of the Magi,
Persia, or some other far eastern land.

2. "Born king"—Herod was not born
king; he was made so by the Romans. Jesus
was born to be a king. "His star"—Those
were the days when the learned were astrolog-
ers, and believed that each man was born
under the influence of some star. His star
was probably a miraculous light, but the star
was no more a miracle than the fact that they
were led to ask their question concerning it.

3. "Written by the prophet"—Written
by Micah centuries before, and well under-
stood by all students of the Scriptures in that
day.

6. "Among the princes"—
Among the towns of Judah
Inquired diligent-
ly that is, inquired carefully
as to the exact time of the appear-
ance. "What time the star
appeared"—That is, how long
since it first appeared.

11. "Frankincense and myrrh"
Fragrant and costly gums,
valuable as perfumes, and
symbols of devotion when offered.

HOMER READINGS.

- M. Visit of the wise men.—
Matt. 1, 1-12.
Tu Light of the world.—Isa.
60, 1-7.
W. The prophecy.—Micah 5, 1-4.
Th. Worship and gifts.—Psalm
72, 1-15.
F. Of no reputation.—Phil. 2,
1-11.
S. Honour to Christ.—John 5,
17-23.
Su. Worthy the Lamb.—Rev. 5,
8-14.

PRACTICAL TEACHINGS.

Where in this lesson are we
taught—

1. That God's Word is true?
2. That we should bring our best gifts to
Jesus?
3. That God will protect his own?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. What name was given to the Saviour
before his birth? "Thou shalt call his name
Jesus: for he shall save his people from their
sins." (Matt. 1, 21.) 2. Where was Jesus
born? "In Bethlehem of Judaea." 3. Who
came to Jerusalem seeking him? "Wise men
from the East." 4. By what were they led
to Christ? "By a star." 5. How did they
honour him? "With worship and gifts." 6.
Repeat the Golden Text. "They saw," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The royalty of
Christ.

CATECHISM QUESTION.

What is regeneration, or the new birth?

It is the work of God in the soul, by the
Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ
Jesus.

WHILE spending recently a few days at
the house of a friend in a Middle Ten-
nessee town we met with a frank and in-
genious boy of sixteen, a kinsman of our
host. The son of well-to-do parents, he has
been for several years in attendance upon
a first-class boarding school; but just as
soon as the school is ended he goes home,
puts on his rough clothes, and makes a full
hand upon the farm; and seems to regard
this as a perfectly natural arrangement.
Out of such boys the ruling men of the next
generation are to be made. The parents
who rear their sons in idleness are doing
them an unspeakable harm. Every boy is
entitled to know by actual experience what
hard manual labour means, and to get the
blessing that comes from toughened mus-
cles and a sun-tanned skin.—*Christian
Advocate.*

BITS OF FUN.

Grandma—"Bobby, what are you doing
in the pantry?" Bobby—"Oh, I'm just
putting a few things away, gran'ma."

"The sentence is that ye be hanged,"
said a Welsh judge to a poor criminal; "and
I hope it may prove a warning to you."

She—"I think Wagner's music is per-
fectly beautiful, don't you?" He—"Fair-
ish; but he'd better stick to his car-build-
ing: he can make more money."

Haughty Lady (who has just pur-
chased a stamp)—"Must I put it on my-
self?" Stamp Clerk—"Not necessarily.
It will probably accomplish more if you put
it on the letter."

Visitor—"Tommy, I wish to ask you a
few questions in grammar." Tommy—
"Yes, sir." Visitor—"If I give you the
sentence, 'The pupil loves his teacher,'
what is that?" Tommy—"Sarcasm."

Flossie was watching the masons lay
bricks, and the process interested her
greatly, "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, as
she saw the man putting on the mortar,
"they're buttering the bricks, ain't they?"

Weeds.

HAVE you seen the city folk riding by,
With hungry glances at field and sky,
And exclamations of quick delight
At the sight of a meadow with daisies white?
They do not know
That a field of daisies should never grow;
And I envy them so!

Have you ever at eve of a midsummer's day,
When the air was sweet with the scent of
hay,

Felt a sweeter perfume upon you steal,
And strangely that perfume makes you feel
So sad, for you know
A field of thistles should never grow?
I am sorry 'tis so.

Have you heard of the distant desert land,
Where the cactus blooms in arid sand
So thick it blocks the traveller's way,
And no green in the lonely plain but they
Can live and grow?
So the cactus is only a weed, you know,
Though we prize it so!

Have you ever noted a field of wheat
As it waves in the summer breeze and heat,
With here and there in the yellow rows
A pretty pink blossom as red as a rose!
It will please you so!
But the weed ought not in the wheat to
grow.
Still they can never weed it out, you know,
And I'm glad it's so.

But wheat would not be allowed to head
If it set its roots in an onion bed—
You'll find it so;
If a stalk of wheat in the garden grow,
It's a weed, you know.

From the daisied hay
And the thistle grain
The moral we draw
Is simple and plain
And cogent and brilliant
And lucid and clear—
A weed is a flower
Dropped out of its sphere!

A RECENT German writer says: "The
lark goes up singing toward heaven; but if
she stops the motion of her wings, then
straightway she falls. So it is with him who
prays not. Prayer is the movement of the
wings of the soul; it bears one heavenward,
but without prayer we sink."

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